CRIME + JUSTICE #3 CDC 8/51

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SNEAKS - IRV [illegible]

CRIME AND JUSTICE

# CRIME AND JUSTICE

No. 3

10¢ LNC

HELP! MY FOOT'S JAMMED IN THIS DOOR— I'LL HAVE TO CUT THE SHOE LOOSE!
HAND ME DAT SATCHEL TURK— WE'RE BLOWIN', SEE YA WHEN YA GET LOOSE!
THE RAT'S STUCK IN THE DOOR, LEMME WING 'IM!
CLICK!
BLAM! BLAM!

In This Issue:

TELL-TALE DOUBLE SLUG

NIGHTMARE OF DEATH

CRIME AND JUSTICE

UNDERWORLD WAR

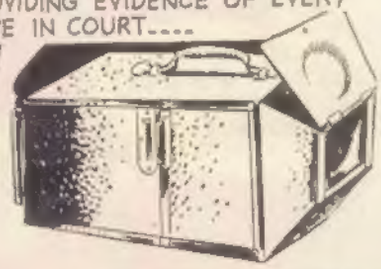
# CRIME FIGHTING

## COMMUNICATIONS

PLAYS A VITAL PART IN FIGHTING CRIME...THE PATROLMAN AT THE MICROPHONE IS BROADCASTING TO THE PATROLING RADIO CARS A WANTED ALARM FOR A HOLDUP MAN. THE SAME MESSAGE IS ALSO SENT OUT ON THE TELETYPE SYSTEM TO OTHER VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY

## THE FINGER PRINT CAMERA

A FEW YEARS BACK IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME-DETECTION, THE USE OF PHOTOGRAPHS WAS LIMITED ALMOST ENTIRELY TO THE IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS EITHER BY THEIR FINGERPRINTS OR BY LIKENESSES OF THEIR HEAD AND SHOULDERS, IN RECENT YEARS PHOTOGRAPHY HAS DEVELOPED INTO AN IMPORTANT SCIENCE OF EXTREME VALUE IN PROVIDING EVIDENCE OF EVERY TYPE IN COURT----



## THE FLUOROSCOPE

THIS SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT CAN REVEAL THE CONTENTS OF A SUSPICIOUS PACKAGE----

## A MOULAGE

POLICE TECHNICIANS MAKE ACCURATE REPRODUCTIONS OF FOOT PRINTS AND TIRE MARKINGS. SOMETIMES IT IS NECESSARY TO CONSTRUCT THE FACE OF A VICTIM OR OTHER PIECES OF EVIDENCE ----

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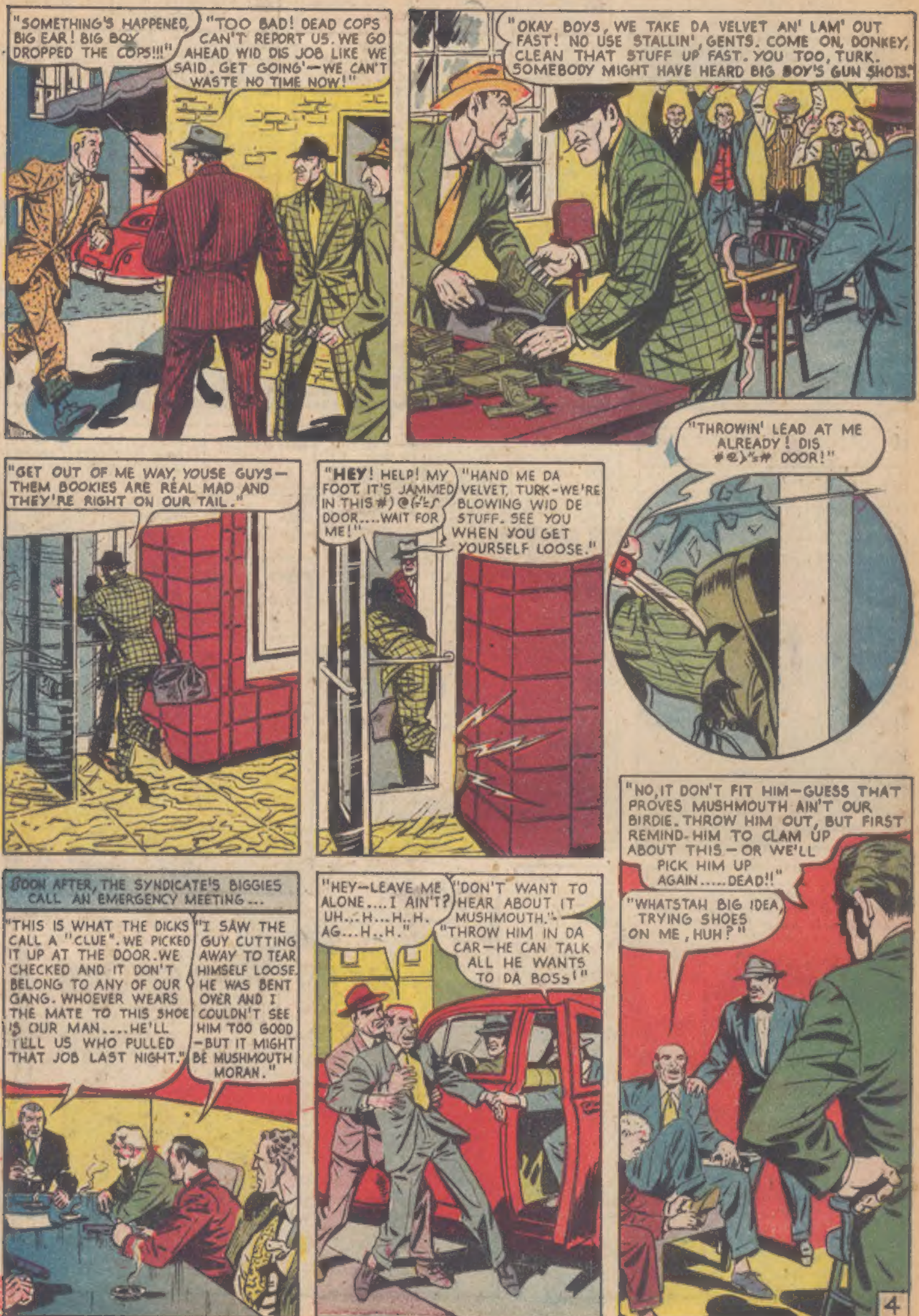
# UNDERWORLD WAR

## KILLER AGAINST KILLER!

"WHAT A RACKET. I'M LAUGHING! SCARED, THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM BOOKIES. AFRAID TO CALL DA COPS WHEN WE HEIST 'EM! EITHER THEY KICK IN OR DIE LIKE RATS!"
ON NATURE, A JACKAL WILL FIGHT IT OUT TO THE DEATH WITH A WOLF FOR A STOLEN MORSEL ... SO IN THE UNDERWORLD, ONE GANG WILL PREY ON ANOTHER THAT HAS AN "EASY RACKET" - GANG WARS ARE RUTHLESS — NO QUARTER IS ASKED, NONE GIVEN. IT'S THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE!
ON THE YEAR 1945, A SMALL BONFIRE OF CRIME WAS SUDDENLY FANNED TO A BURNING INFERNO BY A GANG OF THUGS WHO PREYED ON BOOKMAKERS OPERATING IN AND AROUND A BIG EASTERN CITY.
"QUIET, YOUSE. IN DA BACK DOOR!!! DAT'S WHERE DA HANDBOOK HANGS OUT."
"HEY, BIG EAR, DIS IS DA WRONG JOINT!"
"YEAH? FUNNY AIN'T IT? TAKE IT OVER ANYWAY!"
"LISTEN, BIG BOY. WATCH THESE CUSTOMERS. WE GOTTA FINISH DA JOB NEXT DOOR."

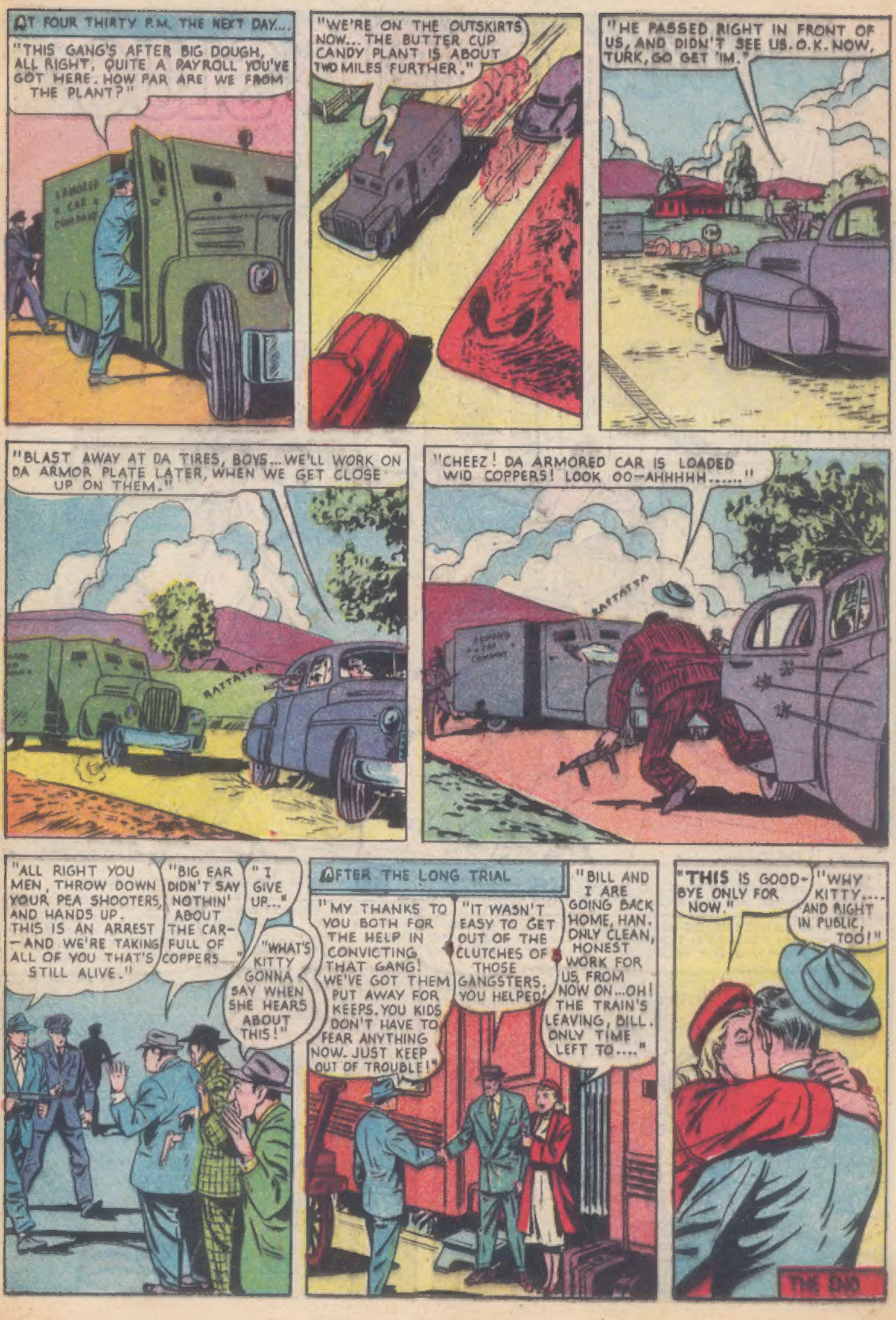
"I GOT 'EM COVERED WITH ME ROD, BIG EAR! BE SURE IT'S DA RIGHT PLACE THIS TIME."
"THAT'S IT, ALL RIGHT. RIGHT WHERE THEM DOPES IS HEADIN' FER DA DOOR...."
"GET IN THERE, QUICK.....LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!"
PRIVATE
"SO YA DON'T LIKE CALLERS HUH? WE'RE GOIN' IN ANYWAY!"
PRIVATE
"GET GOIN' WID DA SAFE. I'LL WATCH DA CUSTOMERS... NO FUNNY MOVES, OR DIS CANNON COMES UP AN HITS YA!"
"O.K. BIG EAR, DA TILL IS DRY."
"KEEP OUT OF OUR WAY, AN NOBODY GETS HURT."
"SHED A TEAR BOYS. THEM COPPERS HAS GONE FOR A LONG RIDE."
"THREE GRAND....AN WE GOT IT EASY!"
"LISTEN, BIG EAR, DIS COULD BE A SWEET BUSINESS. HOW ABOUT PUTTING A FINGER ON HANDBOOKS? I KNOW A SHEET WRITER.....MAYBE I COULD TALK WID HIM."
THE BROWN BEAR BAR.....TWO NIGHTS LATER
"SO ALL YA HAVE TO DO IS TO PUT THE FINGER ON DA HANDBOOKS, BILL.....AN' WE'LL PAY YOU WELL. IS IT A DEAL?"
"I DON'T KNOW. IF THE SYNDICATE EVER GETS WIND OF THIS, I'M A COOKED GOOSE. LET ME THINK THIS OUT, DONKEY."
2

"HI, KIT, WHEN ARE YOU THROUGH?"
"AT ELEVEN BILL. PICK ME UP THEN!"
PRIVATE
AT HIS SISTER'S APARTMENT BILL EXPLAINS DONKEY'S PROPOSITION...
"THAT WAS THE PROPOSITION, SIS. DONKEY WILL WANT AN ANSWER."
"PLAY ALONG WITH DONKEY FOR A WHILE - MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT A THING OR TWO MYSELF. THE MOB DOSEN'T KNOW YOU'RE MY BROTHER."
AT DETECTIVE BUREAU, POLICE HEADQUARTERS.....
"SOMEBODY'S IN BACK OF THOSE HANDBOOK HI-JACKS. WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO. BEFORE WE HAVE A GANG WAR ON OUR HANDS, HANEK."
"O.K CHIEF. THEY DON'T KNOW ME IN THAT SECTION. I'LL JUST PLAY DUMB. AND SEE WHAT I CAN PICK UP FOR YOU."
ON KITTY'S PLACE OF WORK, SOME NIGHTS LATER....
"HI THERE HONEY. EVERY TIME I COME HERE, I SEE YOU WORKING. EVER GET HUNGRY?"
"I GET KIND OF HUNGRY AROUND ELEVEN....TALL, DARK...AND... HANDSOME."
"YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND TO-NIGHT, HONEY... COME ON, GIVE-WHAT IS IT?"
"DON'T KNOW IF I SHOULD TELL YOU... HAN. I ONLY KNOW YOU A FEW DAYS NOW.. WELL, HERE GOES: I OVERHEARD DONKEY SAY THAT BIG EAR AND HIS GANG, ARE PLAN-NING TO ROB THE SYNDICATE'S BANK NEXT MONDAY...."
AS MONDAY ROLLS AROUND....
"WHITEY, YOU LOOK OUT FOR COPS, RIGHT HERE. I'LL TAKE THE FRONT OF THE JOINT.... ...LET'S GO!"
"ME ROD'S READY, BIG BOY!"
"SEE THAT FIGURE MOVING? MUST BE ONE OF THEIR LOOKOUTS. MAYBE WE CAN GRAB HIM QUIETLY, AND CALL UP HANEK TO GET HERE FAST."
"RIGHT! APPROACH HIM FROM TWO SIDES AT ONCE."
AS THE POLICE APPROACH.....
"HE'S SPOTTED US! WE'LL HAVE TO RUSH HIM!"
"THOUGHT I WAS JUST WAITIN' FOR YA TO PICK ME UP, HUH?"
3


"SOMETHING'S HAPPENED, BIG EAR! BIG BOY DROPPED THE COPS!!!"
"TOO BAD! DEAD COPS CAN'T REPORT US. WE GO AHEAD WID DIS JOB LIKE WE SAID. GET GOING'—WE CAN'T WASTE NO TIME NOW!"
"OKAY BOYS, WE TAKE DA VELVET AN' LAM' OUT FAST! NO USE STALLIN', GENTS. COME ON, DONKEY, CLEAN THAT STUFF UP FAST. YOU TOO, TURK. SOMEBODY MIGHT HAVE HEARD BIG BOY'S GUN SHOTS."
"GET OUT OF ME WAY, YOUSE GUYS—THEM BOOKIES ARE REAL MAD AND THEY'RE RIGHT ON OUR TAIL."
"HEY! HELP! MY FOOT IT'S JAMMED IN THIS #)@(-'=ſ DOOR....WAIT FOR ME!"
"HAND ME DA VELVET, TURK-WE'RE BLOWING WID DE STUFF. SEE YOU WHEN YOU GET YOURSELF LOOSE."
"THROWIN' LEAD AT ME ALREADY! DIS #@)"=# DOOR!"
SOON AFTER, THE SYNDICATE'S BIGGIES CALL AN EMERGENCY MEETING...
"THIS IS WHAT THE DICKS CALL A "CLUE". WE PICKED IT UP AT THE DOOR. WE CHECKED AND IT DON'T BELONG TO ANY OF OUR GANG. WHOEVER WEARS THE MATE TO THIS SHOE IS OUR MAN....HE'LL TELL US WHO PULLED THAT JOB LAST NIGHT."
"I SAW THE GUY CUTTING AWAY TO TEAR HIMSELF LOOSE. HE WAS BENT OVER AND I COULDN'T SEE HIM TOO GOOD—BUT IT MIGHT BE MUSHMOUTH MORAN."
"HEY—LEAVE ME ALONE....I AIN'T? UH...H...H..H. AG...H..H."
"DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT MUSHMOUTH." "THROW HIM IN DA CAR—HE CAN TALK ALL HE WANTS TO DA BOSS!"
"NO, IT DON'T FIT HIM—GUESS THAT PROVES MUSHMOUTH AIN'T OUR BIRDIE. THROW HIM OUT, BUT FIRST REMIND HIM TO CLAM UP ABOUT THIS—OR WE'LL PICK HIM UP AGAIN.....DEAD!!"
"WHATSTAH BIG IDEA, TRYING SHOES ON ME, HUH?"
4

"OWWWWWWWW CUT IT OUT! I DONE NOTHIN'!"
"TOUGH LUCK, MUSHMOUTH—BUT YOU'RE LUCKY IT'S NOT YOUR SHOE. THAT'S ENOUGH, BOYS—LEAVE ENOUGH LIFE IN HIM, SO HE CAN CRAWL BACK AND TELL HIS PALS WE'RE IN THE SHOE BUSINESS UNTIL WE FIND A SURE-ENOUGH CUSTOMER TO PUT THIS ONE ON!"
"SO DEY WANNA GET ROUGH! WE'LL SHOW DA LOUSY BOOKMAKERS HOW TA PLAY DA SAME GAME! DEM BOOKMAKERS CAN'T DO THAT TO ONE OF MY BOYS! AN' WE'VE BEEN SO CONSIDERATE OF THEM, TOO. WE'LL HAFTA GET ROUGH WID 'EM."
LATER...
"STEP ON IT, PALSIE, I WANNA TRY SOMETHING OUT ON YOU, AN' HONEST IT WON'T PINCH A BIT!"
"WHY PICK ON A LITTLE GUY LIKE ME? I'LL PAY YOU OFF ANY WAY YOU WANT—ONLY LEAVE
"YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID—KEEP GOING!"
"YEAH, WE GOT YOUR LITTLE BOY MIKE REALO RIGHT HERE. YOU CAN GET HIM BACK IN ONE PIECE FOR A LITTLE TOKEN PAYMENT,—WHAT YOU SAY TO THIRTY GRAND?"
"A DIRTY TRICK—THEY KIDNAPPED OUR BEST CUSTOMER. MIKE IS THE BIGGEST BOOKMAKER IN THE BUSINESS."
"SO I'LL SAY O.K. TO YOUR DEAL. BUT THIS AIN'T A FRIENDLY THING TO DO TO THE SYNDICATE."
THE FOLLOWING EVENING...
"WHY HELLO KITTY! AND YOU'RE ALL ALONE, TOO!"
"YES, DARN THE LUCK! SIT DOWN, HAN; I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT."
"THIS IS PLAIN TALK, HAN. YOU'RE A COP, AREN'T YOU? I DIDN'T THINK SO FIRST, BUT IF I KNOW, OTHERS WILL TOO."
"WELL, THAT'S STRAIGHT, ALL RIGHT. BUT I TRUST YOU, KITTY, AND BELIEVE ME, YOU CAN TRUST ME—ALL THE WAY."
KITTY TELLS OF HER WORRY ABOUT HER BROTHER...
"SO THAT FELLOW BILL IS YOUR BROTHER? I'M GLAD I GOT THAT STRAIGHT WHAT ELSE?"
"THE THING THAT'S GOT ME WORRIED, HAN, IS THAT BILL IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE."
"NOW THAT I KNOW IT WAS BIG EAR'S GANG THAT TOOK THE SYNDICATE, I'M SCARED."
"I'LL HELP YOU, KID. I'LL HAVE SOME OF MY MEN DOWN AT THE PLACE LOOKING THINGS OVER."
"WHEN DONK'S GOT DOUGH, EVERYBODY ENJOYS IT. HERE, WAITER, HERE'S A HALF CENTURY FOR YOU, BUY YOURSELF A CIGAR."
"I SAW HANEK'S SIGNAL, IT'S THE GUY THAT'S THROWING ALL THAT SPINACH AROUND OVER THERE..."
5

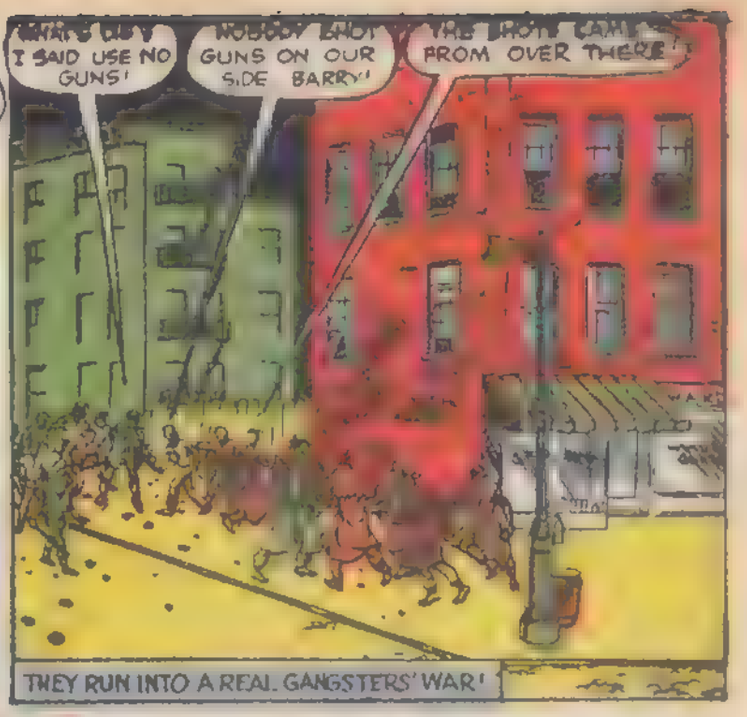
"MY, MY, DONK, YOU'RE AWFULLY GENEROUS TONIGHT.... MIND IF WE ASK YOU A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS?"
"WELL I DON'T MIND, IF-"
"IF YOU'RE FASTER ON THE DRAW THAN I AM... WHICH YOU AIN'T THIS TIME, COPPER."
"OWWW-W-W-W-W-W-W-W....."
"I CAN'T CHANCE FIRING AT HIM... PLACE IS TOO CROWDED."
AS POLICE WITHHOLD THEIR FIRE TO AVOID HITTING OTHERS IN THE ROOM, DONKEY STILES ESCAPES....
"SO THEY PICKED ON YOU, DONKEY TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS? I KNOW YOU DON'T BLABBER TO NOBODY—SO IT MUST BE SOMEBODY IN THIS GANG. AND I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHO."
"HOW ABOUT WHITEY? HE MIGHT RUN OUT ON US LIKE HE RAN OUT ON BIG BOY AT DA COMMISSION HOUSE, REMEMBER"
AN HOUR LATER
"GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN, BIG EAR ME, I NEVER RUN OUT ON NOBODY— NO NO !!!!!!! AHGHG-G-G-G-G-G-G-H-H-H-H"
"YOU WON'T HAFTA EXPLAIN NOTHIN' NOW, WHITEY!"
"SURE, SURE, IT'S ME, DONK! KITTY CAN'T'CHA SEE I GOTTA TALK TO YOU RIGHT AWAY....SURE, SURE, IT'S IMPORTANT."
"ALL RIGHT, DONK. I'LL SEE YOU IN MY PLACE TONIGHT. GOODBYE.....
"I HAD TA TELL SOMEBODY... WHITEY'S GONE—THEY DRILLED HIM LAST NIGHT. 'BIG EAR'S GONE CRAZY, KID. I MIGHT BE NEXT. I GOTTA GET OUTA DA RACKET BEFORE HE GETS ME."
"OR GETS ME, OR BILL!"
"YA KNOW I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SWEET ON YOU, KID... I'M THROUGH WID DE RACKET AFTER WE PULL DA BUTTER CUP CANDY STICKUP T' MORROW. NIGHT.....THEN, IT'S ME AN' YOU, KITTY. WE TAKES OFF RIGHT AFTER DA SPLIT, SEE?"
"YEAH, THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, DONKEY WE COULD LEAVE TOMORROW NIGHT..."
AFTER KITTY GETS RID OF DONKEY—
"HAN, HERE'S AN' EAR-FUL, AND I JUST GOT IT. GANG'S PLANNING A HOLDUP OF THE BUTTER CUP CANDY PAYROLL TOMORROW."
"THE PAY-ROLL'S DELIVERED BY ARMORED CAR- I'LL FIND OUT THE TIME. THANKS FOR THE TIP, KIT. YOU AND BILL HAD BETTER GO IN HIDING TILL THIS IS OVER."


AT FOUR THIRTY P.M. THE NEXT DAY...
"THIS GANG'S AFTER BIG DOUGH, ALL RIGHT, QUITE A PAYROLL YOU'VE GOT HERE. HOW FAR ARE WE FROM THE PLANT?"
ARMORED CAR COMPANY
"WE'RE ON THE OUTSKIRTS NOW... THE BUTTER CUP CANDY PLANT IS ABOUT TWO MILES FURTHER."
"HE PASSED RIGHT IN FRONT OF US, AND DIDN'T SEE US. O.K. NOW, TURK, GO GET 'IM."
"BLAST AWAY AT DA TIRES, BOYS... WE'LL WORK ON DA ARMOR PLATE LATER, WHEN WE GET CLOSE UP ON THEM."
RATTATTA
"CHEEZ! DA ARMORED CAR IS LOADED WID COPPERS! LOOK OO-AHHHHH....."
RATTATTA
ARMORED CAR COMPANY
"ALL RIGHT YOU MEN, THROW DOWN YOUR PEA SHOOTERS, AND HANDS UP. THIS IS AN ARREST—AND WE'RE TAKING ALL OF YOU THAT'S STILL ALIVE."
"BIG EAR DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN' ABOUT THE CAR—FULL OF COPPERS....."
"I GIVE UP..."
"WHAT'S KITTY GONNA SAY WHEN SHE HEARS ABOUT THIS!"
AFTER THE LONG TRIAL
"MY THANKS TO YOU BOTH FOR THE HELP IN CONVICTING THAT GANG! WE'VE GOT THEM PUT AWAY FOR KEEPS. YOU KIDS DON'T HAVE TO FEAR ANYTHING NOW. JUST KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!"
"IT WASN'T EASY TO GET OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF THOSE GANGSTERS, YOU HELPED!"
"BILL AND I ARE GOING BACK HOME, HAN. ONLY CLEAN, HONEST WORK FOR US, FROM NOW ON...OH! THE TRAIN'S LEAVING, BILL. ONLY TIME LEFT TO...."
"THIS IS GOOD-BYE ONLY FOR NOW."
"WHY KITTY.... AND RIGHT IN PUBLIC, TOO!"
THE END

TELL TALE
DOUBLE SLUG
A BULLET HITS A KID DURING A NEIGHBORHOOD BOYS GANG FIGHT...AND A CHAIN OF TRAGIC EVENTS IS ON...
CARNIVAL
JULY
6 THRU 10
RALPH
'COPS and ROBBERS' IS A HARMLESS GAME, BUT DEADLY WHEN IT TURNS TO GANG WAR, LIKE THIS ONE. ONLY A SHORT TIME AGO, A BOY STOOD BEFORE A BROOKLYN JUDGE HE WAS SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS IN JAIL—FOR KILLING A PAL. LET IT BE A LESSON TO YOU, FOR "ACCIDENTS" LIKE THIS CAN HAPPEN!
BLAM!
THE "STINGERS," AS THIS KID GANG CALLED ITSELF, WAS HAVING ITS MEETING IN A DARK ALLEY OF THEIR NEIGHBORHOOD.
HOW DO YOU LIKE DIS HOME-MADE GAT, HUH FELLERS? I BORROWED IT FROM ME BIG BRUDDER!
GEE MAYBE WE CAN ALL MAKE SOME LIKE IT, HUH BARRY?
BUT ALL IS NOT HAPPY WITH THE GANG.
O.K. O.K. SO YOU WANTA NEW LEADER. JUST WHEN WE'VE GOT A FIGHT WITH THE VAMPS GANG?
THE VAMPS ARE WAITING TO AMBUSH US - IN THE NEXT BLOCK THERE'S A BIG BUNCH OF THEM. I ONLY MEANT...

THE RIVAL GANGS MEET HEAD-ON!

WE'RE BRINGING THE FIGHT RIGHT TO YOU, STINGERS. NOW, FIGHT!
YOU GOT TWO SECONDS TO CLEAR OUT OF MY BLOCK—NOW GIT!
COME ON GANG! WE'RE TAKING THIS TERRITORY OVER!

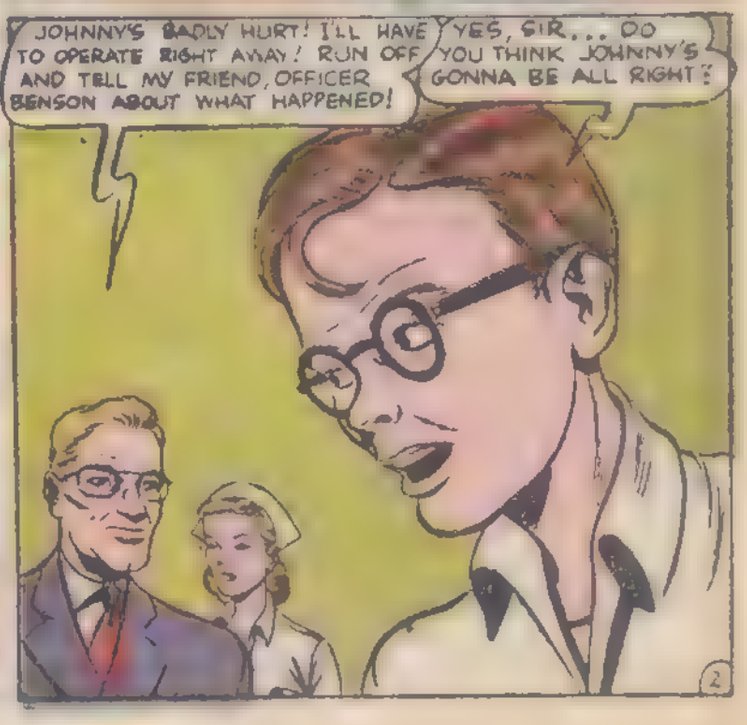


KNOWING THE POLICE WOULD BE SOON ALERTED BY THE SHOTS, THE REAL GANGSTERS PICK UP THEIR HURT PAL AND RUN FOR IT.

DA WEASEL WILL PAY FOR THIS! AUGIE'S HURT BAD!
TAKE HIM OVER TO HANK'S PLACE! WE'LL GET A DOC RIGHT AWAY!
TOO BAD KID ...YOU OUGHTA MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

ONE OF JOHNNY'S PALS GOT HIM TO THE NEAREST NEIGHBORHOOD DOCTOR, AND...

AND YOUR PAL, HERE WAS HIT BY GANGSTERS FIGHTING IT OUT IN THE STREET?
YES, SIR. AND A BULLET HIT JOHNNY, HERE— THEY USED REAL GUNS!


JOHNNY'S BADLY HURT! I'LL HAVE TO OPERATE RIGHT AWAY! RUN OFF AND TELL MY FRIEND, OFFICER BENSON ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED!
YES, SIR... DO YOU THINK JOHNNY'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT?

HE'S COMING OUT OF IT NOW, NURSE! FORTUNATELY ONLY A FLESH WOUND. I EXTRACTED THE BULLET..
OH! DOCTOR WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE... THEY CAN'T COME IN HERE!
PRIVATE
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE CAME FOR THIS BOTTLE OF ETHER!
TOO BAD WE HAVE T' TIE YOUSE UP... WE HATE BEING FOLLOWED!
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! THAT BOY NEEDS ATTENTION!
THOSE WERE THE GANGSTERS, SIR! I RECOGNIZED THEM!
KEEP CALM, JOHNNY! SEE IF YOU CAN PUSH THE PHONE OFF THE TABLE!
THE DOCTOR'S LABORATORY ASSISTANT HEARD THE PHONE CLATTER TO THE FLOOR, FROM BELOW..
WHAT'S HAPPENED DOCTOR?
TELL YOU LATER! LET US LOOSE, SO WE CAN TAKE CARE OF JOHNNY!
FUNNY THUGS, DOCTOR ONLY TOOK A BOTTLE OF ETHER!
WELL, JOHNNY, HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?
ALL RIGHT, I GUESS SIR! BUT... THOSE GANGSTERS ...THAT'S THEM!
FIRST WE TAKE CARE OF YOU THEN WE'LL GO AFTER THEM!
FROM JOHNNY'S DESCRIPTION, THAT'S THE DIZZIE GANG! THEY HANG OUT IN THIS SECTION! LET'S PAY HANK A VISIT!
FUNNY THING- THEY STOLE NOTHING FROM ME, ONLY A BOTTLE - AN ETHER BOTTLE!
3

OFFICER BENSON COMES UP TO THE HANK HANGOUT!
ONE SIDE, LUG! I WANT TO SEE HANK!
HANK AIN'T HOME.. TO YOU... COPPER!
SAYS WHO? NOBODY STOPS OFFICER BENSON ON A SOCIAL CALL!
CRACK!!
AFTER HIM, DOC! HE'LL LEAD US TO WHERE WE WANT TO GO!
I'M RIGHT AFTER YOU, OFFICER!
THIS CAN'T BE THE END OF THE RUN!
LET'S BREAK THIS DOOR IN
CRASH!
SUDDENLY THE DOOR FLIES OPEN!
WHAT A WAY TO COME INTO AN OPERATION! DOCTOR- FOR YOU ARE A DOCTOR? WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU!
WE? YOU'RE WAITING FOR ME? WHAT FOR?
BOY, I'VE ALMOST FELL INTO THIS.
OUR PATIENT WAS... HUH.. HURT, WHEN A BULLET HIT HIM IN THE CHEST! SINCE YOU ARE HERE, YOU MAY AS WELL OPERATE, LIKE AN EXPERT!
AS A MATTER OF DUTY I'LL DO AS YOU SAY! HAVE YOUR PALS PUT THEIR GUNS AWAY...
DOCTOR SAXE QUICKLY ORGANIZED FOR THE GUNMAN'S OPERATION.
CAN'T TELL IF YOU'RE A REAL DOCTOR.. BUT YOU COULD ASSIST ME IN THIS EMERGENCY!
WELL, I'LL TRY.. WE'RE NOT WELL EQUIPPED HERE, YOU KNOW.

SHORTLY AFTER THE GANGSTER'S OPERATION IS OVER...
WELL, I EXTRACTED THE BULLET. THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO WITHOUT EQUIPMENT AND MEDICINE. I'LL WRITE OUT MY REPORT!
REPORT? YOU CAN REPORT TO ME, DOCTOR!
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING, DOCTOR!
I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE HOSPITAL FOR THIS PATIENT...
DIS GAT SAYS YOU STAY PUT, DOC!
YOU, A DOCTOR? THAT'S A LAUGH!
COME ON, GOONS WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
SHALL I CALL AN AMBULANCE, DOCTOR SAXE?
NEVER DID LIKE SAWBONES, ANYWAY.. HERE! TAKE DIS!
LOOK OUT, DOC -YOU'RE COVERED!
TWO SHOTS RING OUT.. AND...
MISSED! WHO TRIPPED HIM?
THAT SHOT CAME FROM OVER THERE... THE GOON'S HURT!
BLAM!
DON'T THANK ME DOC! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! IF THAT FAKER OPERATED ON ME I'D BE DEAD BY NOW!
TAKE IT EASY, FELLOW! I STILL MUST GET YOU TO THE HOSPITAL!
LOOK AT 'EM RUN OUT ON US!
LIKE CORNERED RATS, THE GANGSTERS DIDN'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN
DE COPS!
WE'RE BOTTLED UP!
SOUNDS LIKE MY GANG COMING UP!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

WHA--- IT'S KIDS ... JUST KIDS!
YES, YOU PUT 'EM UP! THIS THINGS LOADED!
'N I CAN SEE THE POLICE COMING UP TOO!
... THE STINGERS!
BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! HOW'S JOHNNY DOIN'?
YEA' DOC WE WANNA SEE JOHNNY!
JOHNNY'S WAITING TO SEE YOU KIDS. EVERYBODY EXCEPT YOU BARRY! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
SHORTLY AFTER, IN DR. SAKE'S PRIVATE OFFICE ...
BARRY, HERE'S THE SLUG I REMOVED FROM JOHNNY'S ARM. IT'S A .22 SLUG! THIS .38 SLUG IS FROM THE GANGSTER'S CHEST. YOU SHOT JOHNNY, BARRY!
I -- YES, DAT SLUG'S FROM MY HOME-MADE GUN ... I MEANT ONLY TO SCARE HIM - 'CAUSE HE WANTED ME OUT AS LEADER OF THE STINGERS!
YOU COULD HAVE KILLED YOUR PAL, BARRY. IMAGINE, YOU A MURDERER!
GEE! DOC! I DIDN'T MEAN IT ... IS JOHNNY GOING TO DIE?
COME ON BARRY, I'LL LET YOU SEE JOHNNY ...
AW! DOC! I ... CAN'T ... STAND .. TO SEE .. HIM!
'LO, BARRY! GEE I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO SEE ME ...
GO EASY ON HIM, OFFICER BENSON ... AND TELL THE JUDGE I'LL TAKE BARRY IN CUSTODY! MAYBE I'LL MAKE A DOCTOR OUT OF HIM WHEN HE GROWS UP!
GEE! DOC! YOU'RE A GOOD GUY! 'N SMART TOO, YOU SAVED JOHNNY FOR ME!

# NO REPRIEVE FOR MURDER

The guard gripped the bars tightly and peered into the cell. There was a trace of moisture on his forehead and his voice cracked with emotion as he spoke. The other, a prisoner, just sat on his cot and stared with an expression of mild amusement on his pale face. His trouser legs had been cut up the sides, and a spot on his head had been shaved clean of hair. The trademarks of the condemned.

"You're out of luck, Rocky. The governor has turned down your last appeal. . . I'm sorry." The guard waited for his words to sink in. This was the end. The months of waiting were over. A little later he would have to help other guards carry this pathetic little man away from the chair . . . only he wouldn't be pathetic then, he'd be just a corpse and he'd be buried among other corpses that rested in that little field just beyond the rear gate of the prison. Sooner or later some one else would be waiting in that cell. Waiting and hoping, although few of its occupants had ever left it except to go through the little green door at the end of the cell block.

Rocky, the grim smile still etched on his face, looked up at the guard. "Take it easy, Hollis, you'd think it was you that was gonna burn. They ain't going t'kill me tonight . . . I'm already dead . . . A guy really dies when he's taken one look at that door. Just do me a favor, Hollis. Send word to the Governor that because of his lousy attitude, I ain't votin' for him the next time he runs for office."

The guard laughed hollowly. "Ya gotta hand it to you, Rocky . . . You sure take the bad news in your stride. Is there anything I can do for you? You can have anything you want to eat tonight, you know."

"Bring me the works," Rocky said. "I don't know if I can eat it or not, but I might as well take one last look at it . . . and tell the Warden I want to see him . . . I'm going to make a confession.

The guard looked at the prisoner with disbelief. "Confession?" he said. "But you said you were innocent . . . that this was a bad rap. You mean you're going to own up that you killed that guy?"

"I said I wanted to see the Warden. What I have to say, I'll say to him. You can listen if you want to, Hollis. You'll have a chance to learn something about this justice business everybody's always yapping about." Rocky placed a cigarette in his mouth and lighted a match. "And tell the warden to bring a notebook or a stenographer, because I'm only going through this thing once."

A half hour later the metallic scraping of the heavy steel cellblock door announced the arrival of the Warden. The ominous sound of the tumblers of the lock falling into place was followed by the echoing and re-echoing of approaching footsteps. The guard unlocked the door to the cell; and the warden, a tall bespectacled man of sixty years, stepped into the dimly lighted room. A trusty, armed with a pencil and notebook, followed behind him. The guard locked the door and took a position outside.

"Hollis says you want to make a confession,

Rocky," the Warden began. "I was glad to hear it. There's a lot in the saying that confession is good for the soul. You'll feel better when you go inside tonight, to know that you've cleared the whole thing up. It's better all the way around".

"I'm not going to confess to the Bailey hold-up and murder, if that's what you think," Rocky replied. "I didn't do that job. What I said in court was th' truth! Because I had a long record, and was picked up right after the killing carrying a gun, they pinned it on me. But I didn't do it. I'm clean."

The Warden stood up with a frown on his face. "Rocky, my job is to run a correction institution. I don't pass judgment . . . I don't convict. My job is to see that the verdicts of the courts are carried out. You had a trial. You were convicted and sentenced to die for your crime. You appealed and the conviction was upheld. There is nothing more that can be done. The Governor has refused to act. I'm sorry but it is useless to discuss it further. You'd better use the few hours you have left on prayer and meditation."

"Hold on, Warden!" Rocky put in. "What I've got to say, you'll be interested in hearing. I'll stick to the story that I didn't pull the Bailey job. Oh, I've pulled plenty of jobs, all right. I've done a lot of time for some of them, and I've got away with a lot of them. Or at least I thought I got away with them. Tonight, I guess I'll pay on the line for them all. I ain't asking for no more reprieves. I know I'm a cooked goose. That's why I asked Hollis to bring you down here. I got nothing to lose now, so I might as well say what I'm going to say. But believe me, it has nothing to do with the Bailey job. Whoever pulled that caper is on the outside tonight, probably laughing about the fact that I'm going to burn for what he done."

The Warden motioned to the trusty to be ready with his notebook. "Okay, Rocky, let's have it. But if it's a trick to postpone the execution, I'm warning you it doesn't have a chance. I've listened to every story in the book, and a couple of others."

"Well, it's like this, Warden. About four years ago I was upstate at the new race track. I got cleaned out after about two days of the meet. I figured the only thing to do was to pull some kind of caper to get refinanced. I had a revolver in my hotel room, and I went there and picked it up. I went back to the parking lot near the track and hung around. When the races were over, I watched the people getting into their cars. Finally I see one old duck wobbling across the yard. He looked plenty drunk to me. When I saw him climbing into a big Caddie, I decided he's my man. As he pulled out of the lot I opened the door and jumped in beside him, and pushed the gun into his ribs. He was plenty scared. I made him drive about twenty miles out of town, and then told him to hand over his roll. All of a sudden, he reached for the gun, and I let him have it. He fell over the wheel, and I knew he was dead. I threw him out, into the bushes, then I cleaned up the car. I went into the nearest town and bought a shovel. That night, I buried the guy in the woods. There's a map of the spot on the wall. The next day, I drove the car into a quarry. I'd lifted the guy's wallet, and he was loaded. I spent the winter in Florida. That guy is still reported as 'missing'."

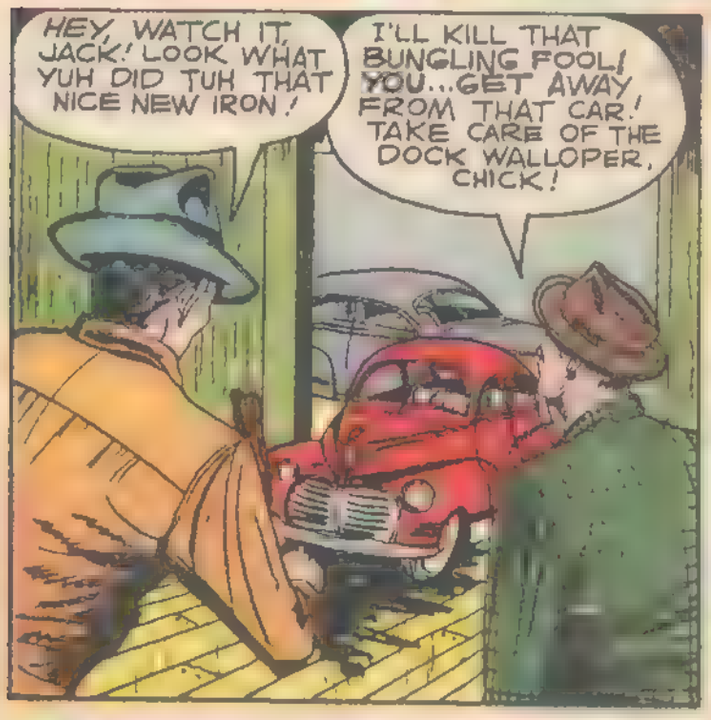
As he finished speaking Rocky stood up, his eyes blazing fiercely. "That's what I meant by justice. I murder a guy and get away cold. Then I get picked up when I'm clean and get sent to the chair. There's something peculiar about it. Maybe there is something to this justice business after all."

A door squealed open and running footsteps could be heard in the corridor. A prison official waved a paper in the direction of the warden. "Rocky's reprieved" he exclaimed. "The governor just phoned that some other man confessed to the Bailey job. He went to his preacher with the story. Claims he couldn't let an innocent man die. If it stands up, Rocky'll be free."

# CRIME AND JUSTICE

## THE MAN WHO WAS WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD....

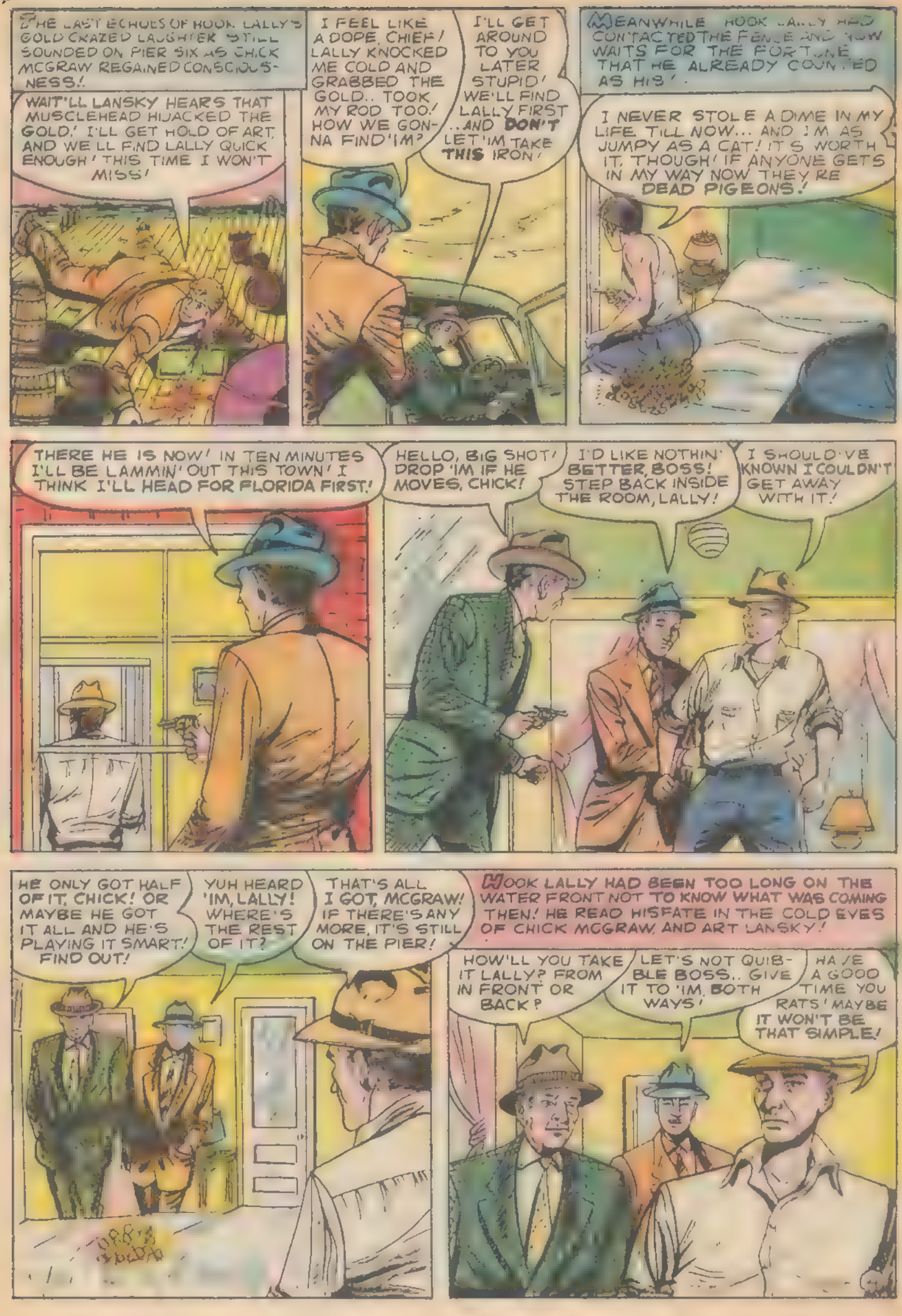
HEY, DINK, TAKE A GANDER AT THAT HEAP! I'D GIVE MY RIGHT ARM TUH GET ONE OF THEM!
QUIT DREAMIN, AN' GET TUH WORK, GUYS LIKE US DON'T GET BREAKS LIKE THAT!
MOST OF US ARE HONEST.. BUT HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF YOU SUDDENLY FOUND A TREASURE THAT WAS WORTH YOUR WEIGHT IN GOLD? HOOK LALLEY HAD NO CRIMINAL RECORD UP TO THE MORNING OF JUNE 6th, 1946...BUT BEFORE THAT FATEFUL DAY WAS OVER, THE DULL GLEAM OF PURE GOLD HAD BROUGHT DEATH TO ONE MAN, AND A DREAM OF VAST WEALTH TO ANOTHER!


HEY, WATCH IT, JACK! LOOK WHAT YUH DID TUH THAT NICE NEW IRON!
I'LL KILL THAT BUNGLING FOOL! YOU...GET AWAY FROM THAT CAR! TAKE CARE OF THE DOCK WALLOPER, CHICK!

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, AND AMPLY COVERED BY INSURANCE....BUT ART LANSKY'S RAGE INDICATED SOME THING FAR MORE SERIOUS!
I OUGHT TO BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY FOR THAT! THIS'LL DO FOR A START!
BACK OFF, PUNK, WHILE YOU'RE STILL ABLE! THIS IS A PRIVATE ARGUMENT!

MAKE 'IM LAY OFF! THE GUY DIDN'T MEAN TUH WRECK THE CAR!
TRY AN' STOP IT, BUSTER.. YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR ANOTHER HOLE IN THE HEAD!
BUNGLING IDIOT! COME ON, CHICK, GET THAT CAR TOWED OUT HERE!
HOOK LALLY WAS NO COWARD....BUT THE DEADLY MENACE OF CHICK DEGRAW AND ART LANSKY WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY MAN HESITATE!
BEAT IT, MUSCLEHEAD! THE BOSS DON'T LIKE SNOOPERS AROUND!
I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, DEGRAW! I KNOW YOU GOT A ROD... BUT THEY DON'T CALL ME "HOOK" FOR NOTHIN!
KEEP AWAY, YOU GUYS! I WARNED YUH ONCE...THAT OUGHTA BE ENOUGH!
THERE'S SOMETHIN' BIG GOIN' ON! DEGRAW AND LANSKY ARE WORKIN' A RACKET! I'LL WRECK IT, IF I GET THE CHANCE!
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THESE CARS THAT LANSKY DOESN'T WANT ANYONE TO FIND OUT! EVERYBODY'S QUIT FOR A DAY... I THINK I'LL SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!
THE HUSKY LONG SHOREMAN DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR, BUT HE STUMBLED ON LANSKY'S SECRET BY ACCIDENT!
DOGGONE IT, I DROPPED MY HOOK! THERE IT IS! HEY, I WONDER WHAT THAT HUNK OF METAL IS WELDED ON, THE FRAME FOR?...
SEE IF I CAN PRY IT OFF WITH MY HOOK! WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S....IT'S GOLD, SO THAT'S WHAT LANSKY WAS JUMPY ABOUT!
GOLD... I'M RICH! THERE MUST BE MORE ON ALL THE CARS! I'LL CLEAN IT OUT AND I'M SET FOR LIFE!
2

THOUGHT I HEARD SOME- DEGRAW!
YUH'RE ASKIN' FOR IT, BUSTER!! MISSED!
I TOLD YUH I'D GET YUH, DEGRAW! I'M GOIN TO GIVE YOU THE BEATING OF YOUR LIFE!
YOU HAD IT, LALLY-- I'M GONNA- .... OOOF!
HOOK LALLY WAS WINNING THAT DESPERATE STRUGGLE ..BUT A MAN LIKE DEGRAW DOESN'T CARRY A GUN FOR NOTHING! . .
YOU HAD IT, PUNK!
I STILL GOT A CHANCE... BUT I'D BETTER NOT MISS!
YUH GOT ME, MCGRAW... BUT I GOT YOU TOO!
GOT TO DODGE THAT..... IF I CAN!
HOOK LALLY WAS A DEAD MAN IF HE MISSED.. BUT THE HEAVY TOOL HE TOOK HIS NAME FROM FOUND ITS MARK!
UNGH!
GOT YOU MCGRAW... AND I'LL GET THE GOLD AS WELL!
I'M IN! IF I CAN GET THIS STUFF OFF THE PIER! I GUESS I GOT MOST OF IT. ... AND I KNOW WHERE I CAN GET A TRUCK!
I'LL GET THIS STUFF UP TO MY ROOM, AND CALL UP A FENCE! HE'LL GIVE ME PLENTY FOR IT! I'M RICH..... I CAN HAVE A DOZEN CARS, CLOTHES, EVERYTHING!
IT WAS GETTING DARK WHEN HOOK LALLY LEFT THE PIER... IN A STOLEN TRUCK, WITH A FORTUNE IN GOLD AS HIS CARGO!..
HEY- YOU STOP!
OUT OF MY WAY, COPPER.. I'M GOING THROUGH!


THE LAST ECHOES OF HOOK LALLY'S GOLD CRAZED LAUGHTER STILL SOUNDED ON PIER SIX AS CHICK MCGRAW REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!
WAIT'LL LANSKY HEARS THAT MUSCLEHEAD HIJACKED THE GOLD! I'LL GET HOLD OF ART AND WE'LL FIND LALLY QUICK ENOUGH! THIS TIME I WON'T MISS!
I FEEL LIKE A DOPE, CHIEF! LALLY KNOCKED ME COLD AND GRABBED THE GOLD.. TOOK MY ROD TOO! HOW WE GONNA FIND 'IM?
I'LL GET AROUND TO YOU LATER STUPID! WE'LL FIND LALLY FIRST ..AND DON'T LET 'IM TAKE THIS IRON!
MEANWHILE HOOK LALLY HAD CONTACTED THE FENCE AND NOW WAITS FOR THE FORTUNE THAT HE ALREADY COUNTED AS HIS!
I NEVER STOLE A DIME IN MY LIFE TILL NOW... AND I'M AS JUMPY AS A CAT! IT'S WORTH IT, THOUGH! IF ANYONE GETS IN MY WAY NOW THEY'RE DEAD PIGEONS!
THERE HE IS NOW! IN TEN MINUTES I'LL BE LAMMIN' OUT THIS TOWN! I THINK I'LL HEAD FOR FLORIDA FIRST!
HELLO, BIG SHOT! DROP 'IM IF HE MOVES, CHICK!
I'D LIKE NOTHIN' BETTER, BOSS! STEP BACK INSIDE THE ROOM, LALLY!
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN I COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!
HE ONLY GOT HALF OF IT, CHICK! OR MAYBE HE GOT IT ALL AND HE'S PLAYING IT SMART! FIND OUT!
YUH HEARD 'IM, LALLY! WHERE'S THE REST OF IT?
THAT'S ALL I GOT, MCGRAW! IF THERE'S ANY MORE, IT'S STILL ON THE PIER!
HOOK LALLY HAD BEEN TOO LONG ON THE WATER FRONT NOT TO KNOW WHAT WAS COMING THEN! HE READ HIS FATE IN THE COLD EYES OF CHICK MCGRAW, AND ART LANSKY!
HOW'LL YOU TAKE IT LALLY? FROM IN FRONT OR BACK?
LET'S NOT QUIBBLE BOSS.. GIVE IT TO 'IM, BOTH WAYS!
HAVE A GOOD TIME YOU RATS! MAYBE IT WON'T BE THAT SIMPLE!

HOOK LALLY SAVED HIS OWN LIFE THEN.....HE PLAYED FOR TIME/..
HOLD IT, LANSKY! AS LONG AS I GET KNOCKED FOR THE STUFF, WHAT WAS THE GOLD DOIN' ON THE PIER? I DON'T GET THE PITCH!
YOU'RE TOO DUMB TO GET IT! IT'S EASY ENOUGH....WE GET GOLD HERE IN THIS COUNTRY AND SELL IT OVER-SEAS! GOLD IS WORTH THIRTY-SIX DOLLARS AN OUNCE HERE.... THEY PAY FIFTY DOLLARS AN OUNCE IN EUROPE!
WELL WADDYA KNOW! IT'S FUNNY SOMEBODY ELSE DIDN'T THINK OF THAT!
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE! WE HAVE TO GET THE GOLD FROM DENTAL SUPPLY HOUSES, JEWELRY MANUFACTURERS AND SO ON! WE HAD A SMOOTH OPERATION TILL YOU GUMMED IT UP. BUT THAT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
MAYBE IT WON'T... AN, MAYBE IT WILL! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YUH DO!
DON'T SHOOT, BOSS! A-R-GH!
IT WON'T WORK LALLY! I'LL GET YOU IF I HAVE TO KILL MCGRAW TO DO IT!
DROP THAT GUN!
COPPERS, I'LL GET OUT OF THIS YET!
YOU'RE THROUGH, LANSKY WE'VE BEEN WAITING TO GET YOU FOR A LONG TIME!
OOF! THE..... BEST SET-UP... I EVER HAD!
WHEW! IF THAT'S GOLD AND IT SURE LOOK LIKE IT, NO WONDER THEY WERE WILLING TO KILL FOR IT! CALL HOMICIDE, BILL... I'LL STAY HERE!
COME ALONG LALLY, WHAT EVER YOU HAD TO DO WITH IT, WE'LL FIND OUT!
ROBERT N. "HOCK" LALLY WAS TRIED FOR GRAND LARCENY ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1946! HIS SENTENCE OF THREE AND ONE HALF TO SEVEN YEARS WAS STRONG FOR A FIRST OFFENCE. HE WAS HAPPY TO BE ALIVE - TO HEAR THE SENTENCE READ/.....
I SENTENCE YOU.....

# NIGHTMARE of DEATH!

WHO CAN CONTROL HIS MIND? WHAT WILD VAGARIES RACE THROUGH A MAN'S BRAIN AS HE IS SWEPT AWAY FROM REALITY IN THE WEIRD PLAY OF THOUGHTS... WHO KNOWS WHAT HORRORS LIES WITHIN A PLACID EXTERIOR? FOLLOW US AS WE PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF A MAN'S MIND....

A CRUEL-FACED MAN BOARDS A NEW YORK-BOUND TRAIN, AT A WAY STATION....

BRRR -- THAT'S A NASTY LOOKING CUSTOMER--

YAS SUH--HE SHO LOOKS AS THOUGH HE WUZ OUT TO COMMIT A MURDER...BUT YO'NEVER CAN TELL--NO SUH

OUT TO COMMIT MURDER? HOW ABSURD--PEOPLE DON'T LOOK AS THOUGH THEY'RE GOING TO KILL.... SEE...WHAT CAN BE MORE HARMLESS THAN RINGING A DOOR BELL?

--AT'S TAKING HER SO --NG TO ANSWER --E BELL?

RRRR-NG!

ARNE, BU--AM E--ER HAPPY TO SEE YOU! COME I--COME I.

HE--O HE--E

ARNE--IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK--AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS. HOW ARE YOU?

OHHHH... ALL RIGHT, I GUESS.

YES, ARNIE--WHAT IS IT? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME SO QUEERLY?

YOU SIT RIGHT DOWN ARNIE--AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE--I'LL EVEN LIGHT A FIRE FOR YOU.

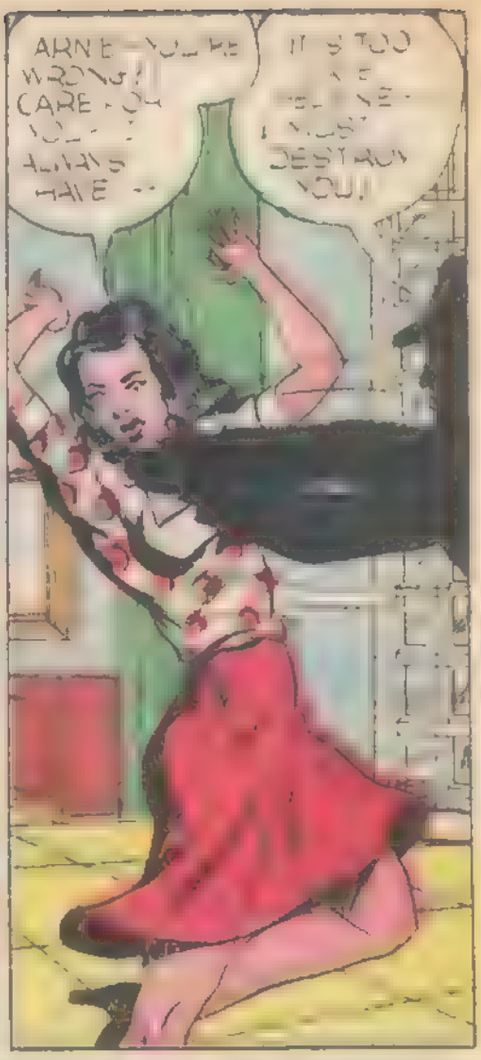
THANK YOU--HELENE.

I KNOW HOW YOU LOVE A FIRE, ARNE AND---

HELENE! I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU...

BECAUSE I AM GOING TO KILL YOU HELENE--- NOW.

BUT ARNE I'M--WHAT HAVE I EVER DONE TO YOU!
WHY? BECAUSE I HATE YOU--- YOU ARE SO SEEN SO WONDERFUL--- SO SURE OF YOURSELF--- SO FAR A-BOVE ME!


ARNE--YOU'RE WRONG! I CARE--I ALWAYS HAVE---
IT'S TOO LATE--- I MUST DESTROY YOU!

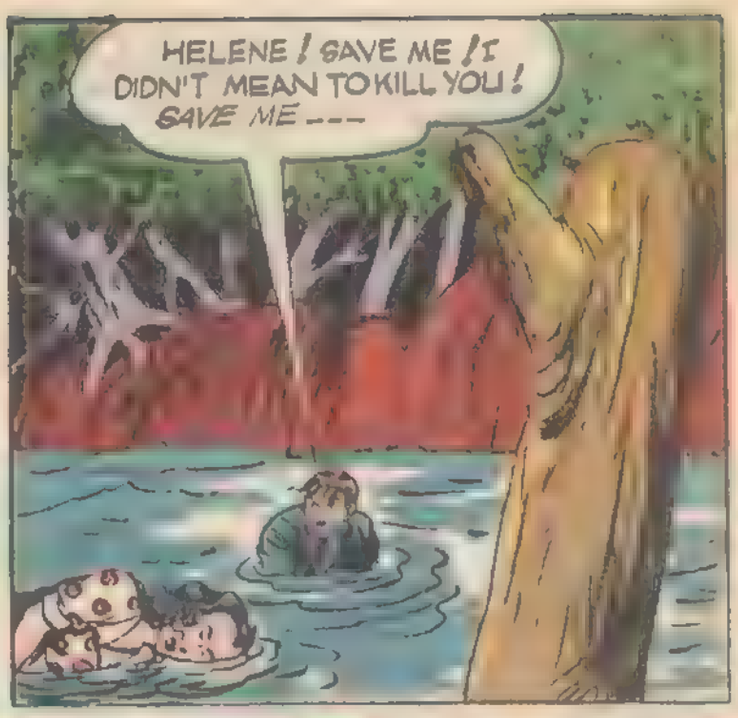
NOW YOUR WHITE THROAT IS BETWEEN MY HANDS... WHERE I CAN CRUSH YOU-- THROTTLE YOU UNTIL THE SPARK HAS GONE OUT OF YOUR EYES AND YOUR FACE IS TWISTED AND CONTORTED...
NO! NO! ...UH---

DEAD! SHE IS DEAD! AT LAST I HAVE JUSTIFIED MYSELF AND AM NO LONGER HER SLAVE...BUT NOW I MUST GET RID OF THE BODY--WHERE? I KNOW! THE FLATS--- I'LL THROW HER INTO THE FLATS...

HER CAR--IT MUST BE IN THE GARAGE YES--I'LL WEIGHT HER DOWN--AND SHE'LL SINK IN THE MUD OF THE FLATS-- TO BE OUT OF SIGHT FOR EVER!

NO ONE SAW ME! NOT A SOUL! NOW TO GET RID OF HER ONCE AND FOR ALL.
LATER...
GOOD--NOW WE'RE AT THE FLATS. I'LL WEIGHT HER BODY WITH THE TIRE CHAINS--AND--PHH! HELENE MARTENSE IS NO MORE!
THERE! THAT DOES IT!
HA! HA! I'LL STAY HERE AND WATCH HER SINK.
GET DOWN! DISAPPEAR! SHE STILL STAYS THERE! I'LL FIX THAT!
I'LL SHOVE HER UNDER WITH MY FOOT---OOPS! I SLIPPED----

I'M SINKING--- IT'S DRAGGING ME DOWN
HELP!!


HELENE! SAVE ME! I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL YOU! SAVE ME---

BUT WHAT IS THIS? HAS THIS ALL BEEN A FIGMENT OF A DISTURBED MIND?
SAVE ME!
WAKE UP, SIR! WAKE UP! YOU MUST BE HAVING A NIGHTMARE.

WHEW! WHAT A DREAM-- WHERE ARE WE NOW?
YEAH. YOU SURE WERE YELLING! WE'LL BE IN GRAND CENTRAL IN TWENTY MINUTES, SIR.

ARNIE! ARNIE! HERE I AM!
HELENE!

. HOW WAS YOUR TRIP, DEAR?
IT WAS MURDER-- AND I'M NOT KIDDING!

LEN
RAWSON
F.B.I.
ART AND SWINDLERS DON'T ORDINARILY GO HAND IN HAND BUT LEN RAWSON, HARD BOILED F.B.I. AGENT, RUNS HEAD ON INTO A VICIOUS RACKET WHEN HE SMASHES A RING OF ARTISTIC CROOKS ON NEW YORKS SWANK FIFTY SEVENTH STREET!

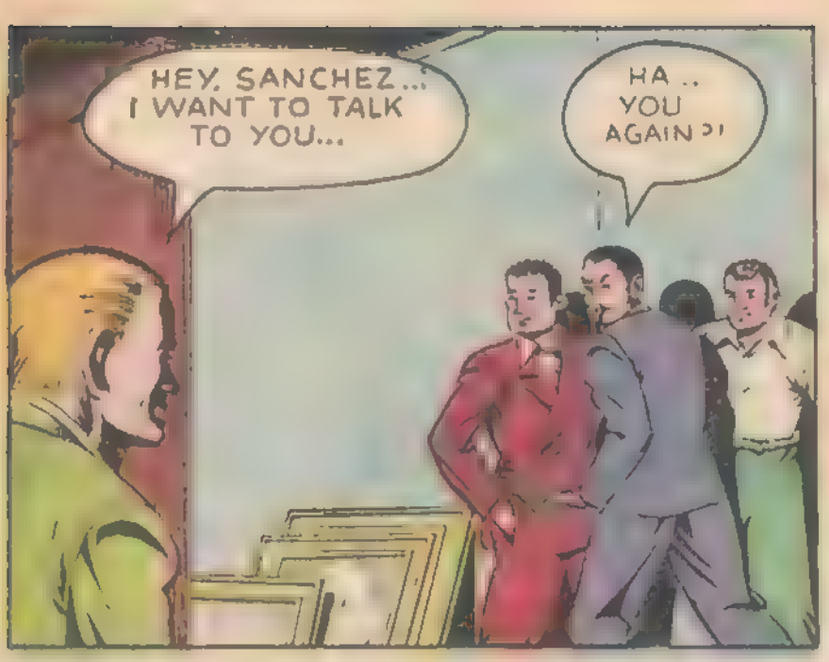
A LITTLE DISUNITY IN THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.

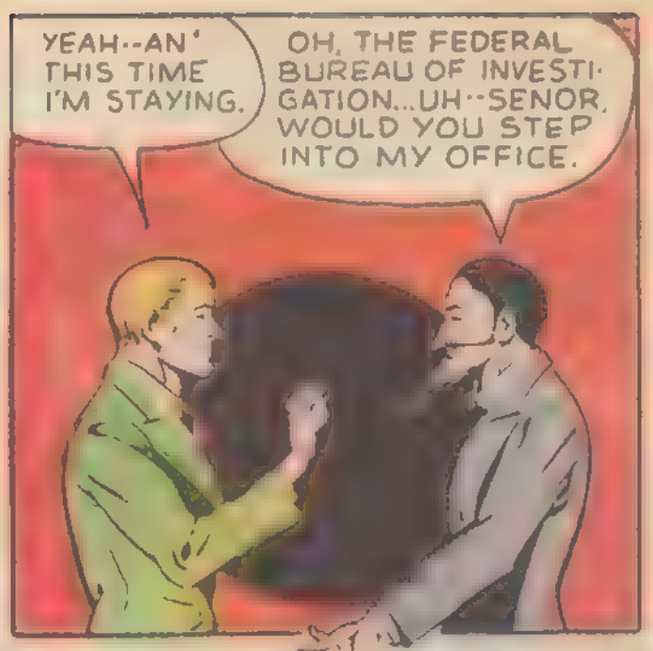
BUT WHY, CHIEF, WHY? WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE A CASE LIKE THIS?? I DON'T KNOW A REMBRANDT FROM A COMIC STRIP!
THAT'S ALL, RAWSON! THE SANCHEZ CASE IS YOUR BABY. GOODBYE.

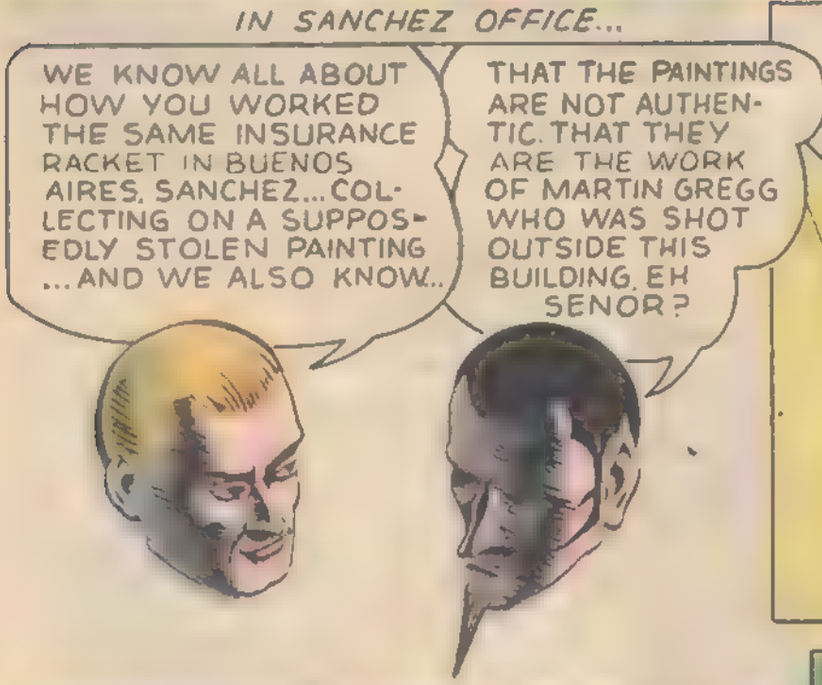
WHAT A LEMON THIS CASE IS... SOME CHARACTER NAMED SANCHEZ COMES UP FROM ARGENTINA. WITH A COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS VALUED AT TWO HUNDRED GRAND. ONE GETS SWIPED. HE COLLECTS FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY. THE INSURANCE BOYS ARE SUSPICIOUS, SO I HAVE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT!
SOMEBODY HAS AN ART GALLERY ON 57TH STREET, AND THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING NOW
WHERE TO, MISTER?
TAXI
WHY CAN'T I GET A DECENT ASSIGNMENT--
HUH--OH--UH-- 157 WEST 57TH STREET
LATER..
HERE WE ARE MAC, AN' YA BETTER STOP TALKIN' TO YERSELF. YA KIN GO NUTS THAT WAY.
YEAH YOU'RE RIGHT!
SANCHEZ ART GALLERY
MIGHT AS WELL GO IN HA--WHAT A LAUGH. LEN RAWSON IN AN ART GALLERY!
INSIDE THE GALLERY...
BUT SANCHEZ--I MUST HAVE MONEY--I MUST...
NOT NOW, GO! I'LL ATTEND TO YOU LATER
SANCHEZ HMM'
2

BUT YOU PAY ME TOO LITTLE FOR THE WORK I DO.
GO! I SAID I'D FIX YOU LATER
ARE YOU INTERESTED IN PURCHASING A MANET, SENOR?
A MANY WHAT?
HA! THE SENOR JOKES! I HAVE A BEAUTIFUL MANET
WELL--NOT NOW--I'LL SEE YOU LATER.
OUTSIDE THE STUDIO..
THAT'S THE OLD CODGER. I WANT TO SEE HIM! HEY MISTER!
YOU CALL- UH-
HOLY COW! A SHOT...
GULP--I DON'T MIND A MURDER OR TWO BUT NOT WHEN IT COMES THIS CLOSE! I'M GETTING BACK TO THAT GALLERY!
WHAT HAPPENED?
3

I'M AGENT RAWSON, FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION. SEE IF YOU CAN GET A LINE ON THIS FELLOW
YES, MR RAWSON
BACK AT THE ART GALLERY
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE BIRD IS PACKING.
I'M VERY SORRY SENOR, NO MORE BUSINESS TODAY.
NOW GO, SENOR YOU DISTURB US AT OUR WORK.
OKAY.. DON'T GET EXCITED.
A FEW MINUTES LATER
AND THAT'S HOW IT IS CHIEF.... I'M KEEPING AN EYE ON THIS JOINT YOU LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU HEAR FROM BUENOS AIRES, WILL YOU? OKAY CALL ME BACK.
MORE TIME PASSES..
HEY, ARE YOU RAWSON? BECAUSE IF YOU ARE, THERE'S A PHONE CALL FOR YOU
YEAH! THAT'S ME
YOU HAVE THE DOPE? OHO SO OUR BOY CAFE CHEZ PULLED THE SAME GAG IN ARGENTINA EH? WELL I'M CLOSING IN ON HIM CHIEF. I DON'T NEED ANY HELP --- I CAN USE THE EXERCISE

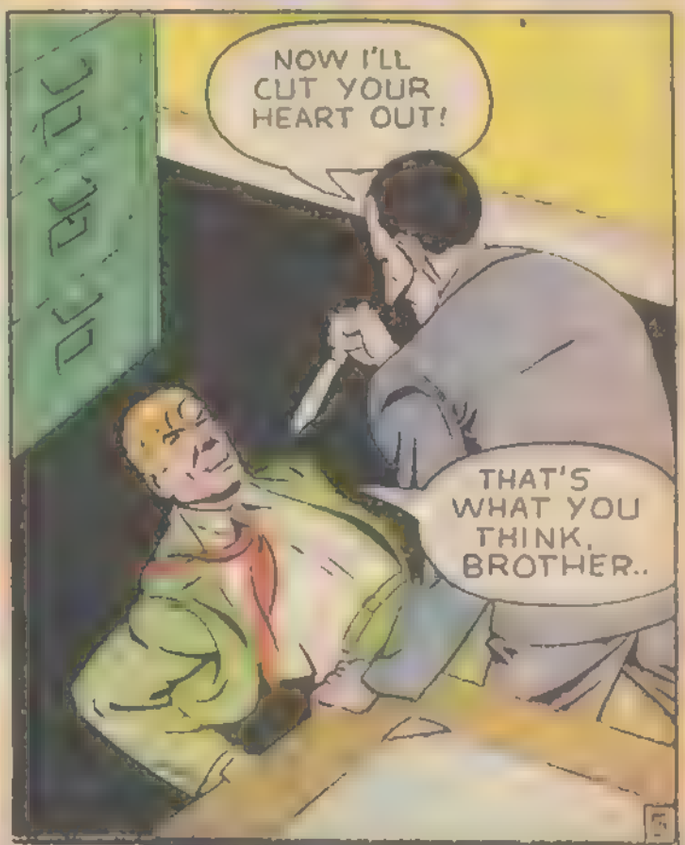

HEY, SANCHEZ... I WANT TO TALK TO YOU...
HA .. YOU AGAIN?!

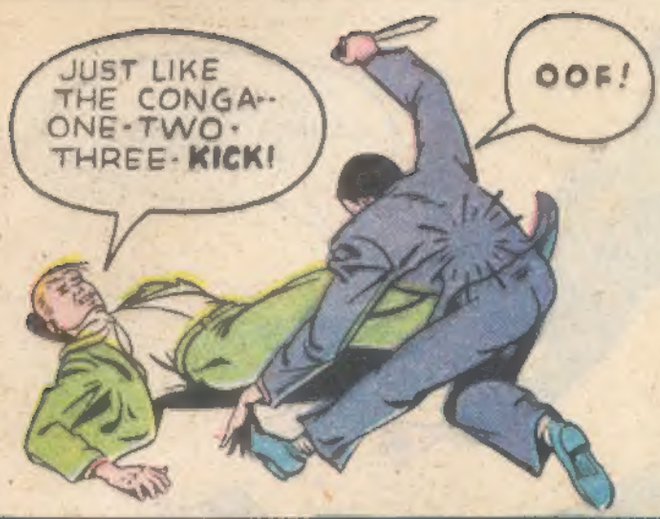

YEAH--AN' THIS TIME I'M STAYING.
OH, THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION...UH--SENOR, WOULD YOU STEP INTO MY OFFICE.


IN SANCHEZ OFFICE...
WE KNOW ALL ABOUT HOW YOU WORKED THE SAME INSURANCE RACKET IN BUENOS AIRES, SANCHEZ...COLLECTING ON A SUPPOSEDLY STOLEN PAINTING ...AND WE ALSO KNOW..
THAT THE PAINTINGS ARE NOT AUTHENTIC. THAT THEY ARE THE WORK OF MARTIN GREGG WHO WAS SHOT OUTSIDE THIS BUILDING, EH SENOR?

YOU TALK TOO MUCH. WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT AT ALL. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST
IT IS ONE THING, SENOR, TO PLACE ME UNDER ARREST...

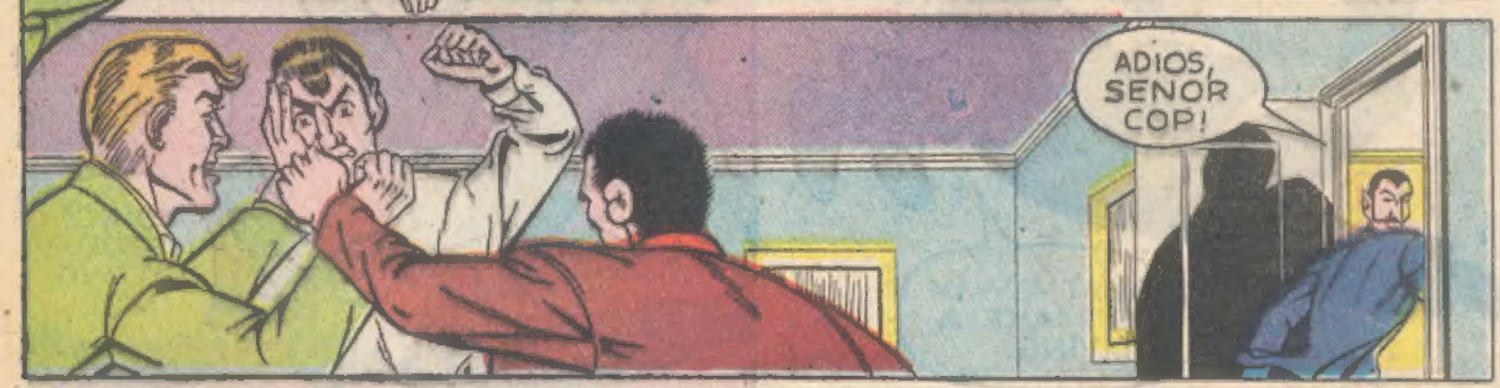
..AND IT'S ANOTHER THING TO HOLD ME!


NOW I'LL CUT YOUR HEART OUT!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BROTHER..

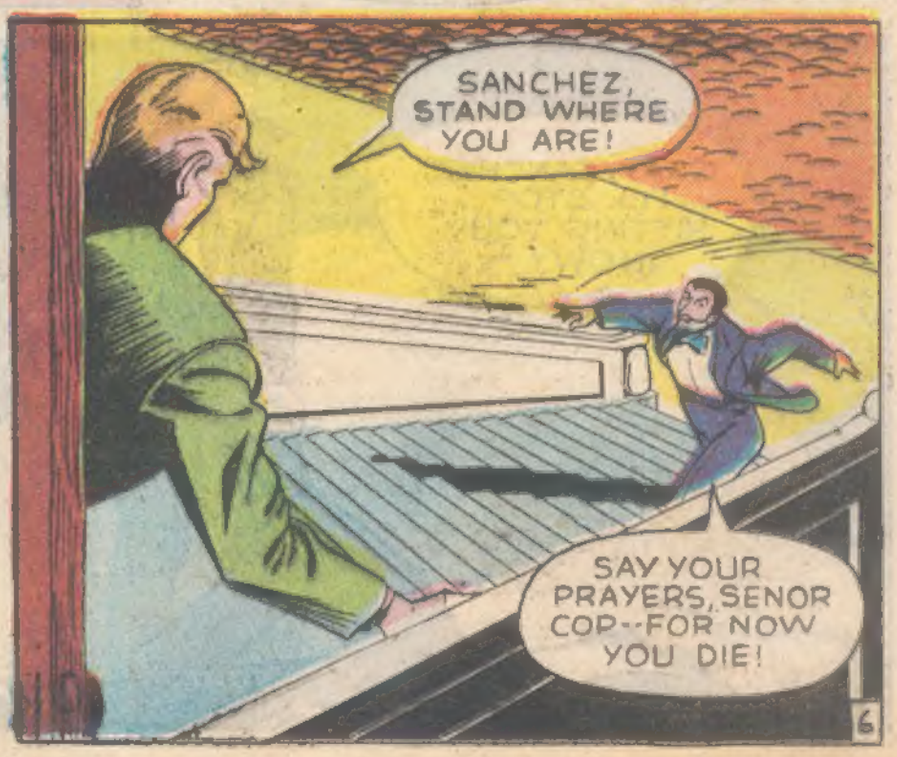

JUST LIKE THE CONGA-- ONE-TWO-THREE-KICK!
OOF!

JUAN! RAMON! HELP!
OHO! VISITORS, EH?

SEIZE HIM!
SEIZE THIS!


ADIOS, SENOR COP!

CLUNK!
NO TIME FOR COMEDY NOW BOYS! I MUST LEAVE!


SANCHEZ, STAND WHERE YOU ARE!
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, SENOR COP--FOR NOW YOU DIE!

BALL ONE! HIGH AND OUTSIDE!
I'M NOT GOING TO MISS-- I HOPE!
SANCHEZ ART
THROW KNIVES AT ME WILL YOU!
NO! NO! STOP HITTING ME!
WHAT A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING.
OKAY, SANCHEZ, I'LL STOP HITTING YOU NOW!
WHO WOULD EVER HAVE THOUGHT THAT THERE WAS SO MUCH EXCITEMENT IN AN ART GALLERY?

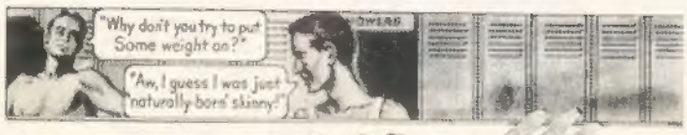
**MR. AND MRS. CHARLEY L. WHATLEY OF CUTHBERT, GA. CAN TELL YOU— IT'S PRACTICAL AS WELL AS PATRIOTIC TO BUY BONDS FOR DEFENSE**

*"I wouldn't own a farm, clear, today," says Mr. Whatley, "if it weren't for U. S. Savings Bonds. My wife and I joined the Payroll Savings Plan in 1943, putting about 25% of our combined pay into bonds. We'd saved $6,925 by 1950. $4,000 in bonds bought us our 202-acre farm. Other bonds went for a new truck, refrigerator and electric range. Bonds are the best way of saving!"*

**The Whatleys' story can be your story, too!**

Today, start *your* safe, sure saving program by signing up for U. S. Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. Even very small sums, saved systematically through these plans, will provide the cash to make your dreams come true.

***U. S. SAVINGS BONDS ARE DEFENSE BONDS— BUY THEM REGULARLY!***


# BUNK!

## NOBODY IS JUST "Naturally" SKINNY!

**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll Give YOU A New Body**

WOULD you believe it? *I* was once a skinny 97-pound weakling. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—***"Dynamic Tension."*** And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of *manhood* that today I hold the title, *"The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."*

**WHAT'S MY SECRET?**

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast ***"Dynamic Tension"*** *gets results!* And *you'll* be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

Charles Atlas
Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**"Dynamic Tension"** is the easy *natural* method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—*just 15 minutes each day*—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, self-confidence, new energy!

***My Illustrated Book is Yours —Not for $1.00 or 10c—But FREE***

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength," 48 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs, valuable advice, answers to many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. This book is a **real prize** for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush the coupon to me personally: **Charles Atlas, Dept. 378G 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 378 G**
**115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—48 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....Age.....
*(Please print or write plainly)*

Address.....

City.....State.....

# BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

## Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

## "He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

## Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

### TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

*Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy!* And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

# UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

## NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!

## No Squeezing No Infection No Injury to Skin Tissues!

**Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!**

RUSH COUPON NOW!

**10 DAY TRIAL OFFER**

**Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing $1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get $1 back. Order today!**

**10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE**

**BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 2807**
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.